

# Gingham Check

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The beginning of high school brings new experiences, including a new love, as Houka Inumuta is about to discover. Shiro/Houka (Shihou) fluffy slash.

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Disclaimer: I don't own Kill la Kill. All that belongs to TRIGGER.

Title: Gingham Check

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Notes/warnings: I haven't written m/m fanfiction since 2009. I hope you can forgive any egregious errors. My beta is the lovely osakalights (tumblr). No triggering content in this story. This also takes place in the same timeline/universe as my SatsuNon fics *I am...* and *Sparkle* .

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Houka Inumuta was perplexed at the events that played out before him. Here he was, beginning the 10th grade at Honnouji Academy. It was the opening ceremony for the new arrivals. The principal made a typical welcome speech full of the same old rhetoric that middle-aged figures of authority imposed upon young adults. Houka spaced out for a few minutes. Then, the young lady that started it all-Satsuki Kiryuin-appeared on the stage. She looked non-threatening and proper, even though she held her sword in front of her. Houka was startled when Satsuki began to speak in a raised voice.

"Although this high school is still new, I expect nothing less than fine upstanding students showing utter discipline and respect. If you defy me, you will pay the price. Remember this, you pigs!"

*This is not the same Satsuki Kiryuin that approached me, extended an admissions invitation to me and then confided in me her secret plan to overcome the obstacle named Ragyo Kiryuin, Houka thought. He knew Satsuki was strong and forceful, but it was another thing to witness this for himself. He cleared his throat and pushed up his glasses in an effort to look cool.*

There was another person that caught his attention, and that was Shiro Iori. Houka would never admit it to anyone, but lately he had been noticing boys as possible romantic pursuits. He was still interested in girls, of course, and in the past he had been particularly interested in Nonon Jakuzure, the girl he had known all his life because they were neighbors; but he knew she was a lesbian and that she was dating Satsuki. Now he found himself interested in the captain of the Sewing Club. He wasn't stupid; he knew these feelings meant he was bisexual.

He glanced at Shiro, who was sitting a few seats away from him.

"Hm," Houka muttered to himself and pushed his glasses up again. He would get to know Shiro a little more (find out which way he swung, for starters) before acting on his feelings. For now, it was best to focus on his mission.

The opening ceremony ended, and it was time to begin classes; business as usual.

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For the next few weeks, school life was quite busy, as all the students were getting settled into their new routine. Not only was Houka dealing with his schoolwork, which was easy for him, he was also dealing with his duties as a student council member. There were several meetings with the rest of the student council, and Shiro always attended these meetings, for these were meetings discussing the first experiment in creating the Goku Uniforms for themselves and the rest of the student body.

Houka knew better than to rely on stereotypes in figuring out Shiro's identity. Obviously long hair didn't mean a guy was queer, just like Nonon's petite and feminine appearance didn't mean she was straight. Houka knew Ira and Uzu were straight not because of their machismo personalities, but because sometimes he heard them mention dates with girls.

Finally, at this current meeting, Satsuki gave Shiro and Houka the order to begin the Goku uniform tests. Houka felt victorious, knowing this would mean spending a lot of time with Shiro. Houka fought the urge to blush as he cleared his throat and said, "I look forward to working with you, Iori-san."

"The same to you, Inumuta-san," Shiro nodded his head to Houka.

*I wonder if this will lead to something*, Houka thought. He wished he could just hack his way into Shiro's mind and figure out everything; it would have been easier, and if it were more socially acceptable, to pick apart his brain to know what lay underneath.

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The first test runs were the uniforms with embedded with five-percent Life Fibers. Satsuki had told Shiro and Houka to start small and titrate their way up, just to be safe. The volunteer students were from the various athletic clubs, certain they would pass the tests because of their strength. Houka found that line of thinking somewhat ridiculous; any adolescent would be able to withstand Life Fibers, according to Satsuki's theory.

The uniform designs were hardly uniforms. This was because Shiro didn't want to waste fabric on an experiment that might fail. The first volunteer student entered the room, as they put on a brave face.

"Lie down on the table," Shiro instructed. Houka readied his tablet for data collection, hand hovering over the keyboard. The student lay down on the table. "Sewing Club, begin putting on the fabric."

The fabric was immediately placed on the student's body and formed into a bare resemblance of clothing; the student twitched once and then sat up.

"How do you feel?" Shiro inquired.

"Great!" the student replied. "I feel an increase in strength!"

"Excellent!" Shiro and Houka both responded with triumph. Though, this was only one student, and they knew not everyone was going to react the same way to the Life Fibers, so it was on to the next student.

A few hours later, the tests were finished, and most of the students had passed, able to withstand five-percent of Life Fibers.

Shiro turned to Houka and raised his hand. Houka stared before understanding that Shiro was requesting a high-five, and he obliged by slapping his hand against Shiro's. "A job well done, Iori-san," Houka said.

"Call me Shiro," Shiro smirked.

This time Houka couldn't fight his blush. "Then you may call me Houka... Shiro-san. But only in private."

"Alright, then. It's a deal, Houka-san."

It was prompt and simple - exactly the way Houka liked it.

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After a couple of weeks of running tests with fabric embedded with ten-percent and, eventually, twenty-percent Life Fibers with not just the student body, but with the Elite Four as well (with *a lot* of protesting from Nonon because she couldn't stand the idea of displaying her nude body to boys, so she refused to take off her lingerie), it was now time for the test for thirty-percent Life Fibers fabric.

"Alright, Nonon, you can come in now!" Shiro called out from the control room. Since Shiro was Satsuki's butler's nephew, he knew Nonon on a personal level, so it was alright for him to address her by her given name without honorifics.

Nonon groaned and entered the lab. She grimaced as she reluctantly took her clothes off. "I'm not taking my bra and underwear

off, okay?!"

"That's fine, Nonon. Just proceed with the usual."

Nonon made a whining noise as she lay down on the table. "Get it over with, you guys!"

"Sewing Club, begin!"

Nonon whined some more. Houka and Shiro knew it was not out of pain, but because boys were touching her.

"Nonon, get over it. You're not going to catch boy cooties," Shiro said, rolling his eyes and watching Nonon sit up after putting on the clothing. "How do you feel?"

Nonon flexed her hands, assessing herself. "Awesome, actually. Feels quite natural and I feel way stronger than usual. Suffice to say, I passed this test."

"Excellent!" Shiro cheered. "We will proceed in making Symphony Regalia for you, Nonon!"

"I can't wait!" Nonon replied with gusto and then she glared at him. "Can I put my regular clothes back on now?"

Shiro sighed. "Yes, Nonon."

"Good!" Nonon grabbed her clothes and began putting them on, remarking, "Boys are gross."

"Yes, Nonon, we know."

"Just saying!"

Shiro and Houka rolled their eyes at each other in mutual exasperation. "She's acting like a five-year-old," Houka said.

"She's just being obnoxious and hyperbolic on purpose," Shiro replied matter-of-factly. "Now, then. Since it's the early evening and Nonon's test is done because she was the last of the student council to do it, shall we head out and get some dinner?"

Houka stared at him. "Just the two of us?"

"Yes, Houka-san. The two of us." Shiro cleared his throat and pushed up his glasses, a slight blush appearing on his cheeks.

Houka immediately noticed this as he blushed too. *Does this mean...?* he gulped and pushed up his glasses as well. "Well, I..." Words failed him at the moment. "I'll have to decline for now, Shiro-san. I should compile all this data I've collected in the past two weeks in a timely manner."

Shiro half-smiled. "Yeah, of course, Houka-san," he said, and Houka detected a note of disappointment in his voice, and right away he regretted declining the invitation, so he stood up.

"I'll walk you home, Shiro-san," he offered.

"You don't have to," Shiro waved his hands in front of him. "I've got my bike."

"Halfway, then."

"Alright."

They gathered up their belongings and exited the lab.

*It's almost summer...* Houka mused as he watched Shiro unhook his bike from the bike rack outside of the school. *Should I ask him to do something with me during break?* No amount of data collecting could help Houka find the courage to ask his crush out, so he decided to put it off.

Shiro began walking with his bike, and Houka followed, matching his pace while he ruminated over potential plans for the summer break.



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A week later, Houka was in the computer lab finishing up the compilation of data about the Goku Uniforms tests, when he received two text messages, one from Nonon and one from Shiro.

"Are you busy?" Shiro's text read.

"Not really. Why?" Houka replied before checking Nonon's text.

"Hey, doggy nerd, ask the sewing nerd out already! You're so obvious!" hers read, and Houka glared at his phone before it vibrated again, alerting him to Shiro's answer.

"I just put the finishing touches on your uniform. I'd like for you to come to the Sewing Club's room and try it on."

Houka fisted his hand and jerked it back in an excited pump. A perfect opportunity! "I'll be there soon," he typed furiously. He typed the command for SAVE in the computer program and ejected his flash drive, and promptly ran out of the computer lab to the Sewing Club's meeting room.

He knocked on the door, and Shiro answered it. "Oh, good, you're here!" Shiro opened the door wider and then ran to the large clothing rack in the middle of the room, grabbing Houka's Goku Uniform and running back to Houka. "Here you go, Houka-san."

Houka nodded and took the uniform, making his way into the dressing area provided. A few minutes later, he came out and stood in front of the full-length mirror, assessing the uniform and how it looked on him.

Shiro fumbled with his hands nervously. "Well? What do you think?"

Houka smirked and glanced at Shiro through the mirror. "Just my style. Excellent work, Shiro-san."

Shiro sighed in relief. "Wonderful," he cleared his throat and made his way to Houka's side. "It certainly suits you."

Houka continued to stare in the mirror. "Yes, qui-" he was interrupted when Shiro suddenly grabbed his shoulders and turned him so they could face each other, and even more suddenly pulled Houka close and kissed him.

They broke apart, and Houka stood there, stunned. "Sh-Shiro-san..."

"I can't stand it anymore!" Shiro said intensely, one hand trembling as he adjusted his glasses. "Houka-san, I must inform you that I really like you!"

Houka stared at him. "I... well..." he was tongue-tied.

"You probably don't feel the same way, huh?"

Houka cleared his throat and had the decency to blush, hiding it with the uniform's collar. "Ah, uh, on the contrary, Shiro-san..."

"Wait, seriously?" Shiro exclaimed. "I thought I was out of line kissing you! I didn't think you were actually into guys!"

"Yes, well, I am." Houka replied. "I'm bisexual."

Shiro chuckled sheepishly. "I suppose you can surmise from this that I'm gay, right?"

"I was hoping for that." Houka smiled. "I really like you too, Shiro-san."

"Ha! Imagine that! A majority of the student council-queer and dating each other!"

Houka stared at Shiro once more. "Shiro-san, are you asking me if I will be your boyfriend?" He knew the answer, but he wanted to hear it for himself.

"Yes, I am!" Shiro grabbed Houka's hands. "Houka Inumuta, will you go steady with me?"

Houka smirked. "Of course I will!" he was about to return Shiro's kiss when his phone went off. "Hold on, Shiro-san," he said and opened his phone. It was another text from Nonon. "Oh, it's Jakuzure-san."

"So, did you ask him out? Are you gonna get laid anytime soon, you nerd?" she said.

Houka chuckled and typed, "He asked me out before I could ask him. Thanks for the encouragement, Jakuzure-san." he clicked send.

Nonon responded within two seconds with, "YAY! Good for you, you fucking nerd! Now go on a proper date with him!"

"Will do."

"Is Nonon happy?" Shiro inquired.

"I would say so," Houka said with amusement as he pocketed his phone.

"She actually nagged at me for the past couple days to get the balls to ask you out, haha."

"What a coincidence. She sent me a nagging text a while ago ordering me to ask you out."

"That's Nonon for you," Shiro laughed.

Houka laughed too. "Shall we go on a proper date, as she put it, Shiro-san?"

"Lead the way!" Shiro grinned before quickly giving his new boyfriend a hug.

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OKAY HERE IT IS GOOD FUCKIN BYE I AM SO DONE WITH MYSELF (runs away in embarrassment)